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For the Anniversary Feast made in Honour of

St. CÆCILIA.

Nov. 22. *Anno Domini*, 1700.

Set to Musick by Dr. John Blow. *The Words made by* Mr. D'urfey.

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I.

TRIUMPHANT Fame, a thousand thousand Years
(Since *MUSICK* did the Globe inspire :)
Divine *Apollo*, equal to the Spheres,
Extoll'd for Wonders on his charming Lyre :
Great God of Wit, and Harmony still own'd,
His sacred Brows with Bayes unfading Crown'd,
And through the lofty Sky in Heav'n as Earth renown'd.
Conquer'd *Amphion* Homage paid ;
Arion quell'd too, silent lies :
Orpheus, whom Trees and Rocks obey'd,
All yielded him the Prize,
Chorus. *Conquer'd* Amphion, &c.

II.

This Stanza, the Ode being too long, was not set to Musick.

* Long, thus th' Harmonious Deity,
Superiour in the Science reign'd
Ambitious *Pan*, no more aspir'd,
No more the *Phrygian* King * admir'd [* *Midas.*
The rustick Pipe's dull Melody,
For which, he once, such Shame * had gain'd ; [* *Asi's Ears.*
But 'mongst the Sons of Art with joint Consent,
Feasting each greedy Ear,
With the delightful Strains they hear,
The blest Musician they ador'd, ador'd the Instrument.

III.

Till in succeeding Times, a Wonder more Renown'd
Sprung from the Noble Organ's sound ;
So sweetly finger'd by a lovely Maid,
'Twas thought on Earth some Goddess play'd ;
Close by a purling Brook that ran
Down, through a shady Cypress Grove,
Where seeking his obdurate Love,
Apollo wander'd all alone,
This wondrous Master-piece was done,
He paus'd, when first the warbling Eccho came,
But soon each Accent did his Soul Inflame ;
So much the Charmer charm'd, *Cæcilia* was her Name,
Cæcilia was the Charmer's Name,
Cæcilia was the Charmer's Name.
Chorus. *So much the Charmer*, &c.

IV.

Cæcilia, o're the Plains,
Was Empress of the Swains,
With Roses round
Her Temples, Crown'd :
She Plays, and Sings, and Raigns

Attending too, in Consort join'd
Were gather'd all the Artful kind
Attending too, &c.
Now brisk Violins they employ,
That fill e'ry hearer with Joy;
And skilfully Shew,
With Finger and Bow,
What Mirth they can raise
In Hearts when they please,
And Sorrow how quickly destroy.

V.

A bolder Touch is next Inspiring,
Hearts with Martial Ardour firing,
A Point of War and Trumpets sounding;
Echoing Notes aloud Rebounding:
To Battle move, and now they Wound, they Kill.
A fierce Alarm the Drum does seem to beat,
Well tym'd strokes with Martial heat,
Who when they mingling Sounds repeat,
A noble Chorus fill.
Chorus. *The Trumpet Sounds*, &c.

VI.

But now, Ah! now, a softer Strain she plays,
The lovely Artist can all Passions raise;
Each melting Note is Love, and well does suit,
The moving Lyre, and Soul-delighting Flute.
This charming Ayre, the am'rous God gave Pain,
He look'd and sigh'd, but sigh'd and look'd in vain,
He saw no yielding *Daphne* on the Plain.
He saw no yeilding, &c.
The varying Notes then louder grew,
And soon from Love his Thoughts to wonder raise,
Cæcilia's Art admir'd anew;
Less, then himself had Envied too,
Who now dissolv's in Praise:
Her's the Precedence did Confess,
As Musick's Queen and Patroness,
And Crown'd her with his Bayes.

VII.

His Heav'nly Voice too, then the God Essay'd;
Apollo sung. Divine *Cæcilia* Play'd:
The Spheres in Consort Powers Divine employ,
And Nature, midst her Labour felt a Joy.
Perfection here in Harmony was found,
Angels, and list'ning Cherubs hover'd round,
Whilst Universal Praise exalts the more than Mortal Sound.

Grand CHORUS.

Join all then, and Sing
To Poetry's King;
And Musicks fair Queen,
The Chorus *begin,*
So great is the Theam,
We er lost in Extream,
And only with Joy,
A Wish can employ.
May Arts be encourag'd with Noblest Endeavour,
May Wit, Love and Harmony flourish for ever.

LONDON: *Printed for* Henry Playford *at the* Temple Change *in* Fleetstreet, *where are to be had the* 1st. *and* 2d. *Part of the Book of* PILLS, *with the* Catch Book, *and the* Orders *for the Musical Society*, 1700.